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## Notes of the Week

The dramatic death of King Feisal and the consequences for Iraq are discussed in an article on another page. Meanwhile the Geneva discussion of the Assyrian case is due too soon and the careful consideration of his attitude by King Feisal has been squandered by the stroke of Fate. Perhaps consideration of this awkward matter may be set aside on the ground that a boy called to rule a turbulent kingdom only just—and prematurely—out of leading strings should not be embarrassed beyond all bearing by the self-appointed sages of the Great World. That would seem a reasonable way out of the temporary trouble.

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For the rest, the mantle of King Feisal has all the air of being about as comfortable as the most pernicious kind of hair shirt, with shoes full of peas as well. The one hope may be that the dead King's Cabinet—or the stronger elements in it—may exchange the anti-British bias, which harassed him so much, for an exactly opposite policy. There are at least a few signs, for what they may be worth, of such a change of direction. If we were at all likely to step in and promise or threaten to resume the Mandate unless the affairs of Iraq were conducted sensibly and efficiently, the solution might come fairly easily. But no one in the world will suspect the Foreign Office of our National Government of any such intention. When it is a question of governing or getting out, we always know exactly where we get off. But what has Sir John Cadman of the Anglo-Persian to say or think about the whole business? No one ever took him for a fool, and he may be as deep as a well.

### Bagdad and Baggage

The Nazi scheme for the winter relief of unemployment sounds imposing, but it suffers from the defects inherent in all such schemes that it does not touch the root of the matter. If every German contents himself with a sixpenny meal on the first Sunday in each month and hands over the money saved to the relief fund, he can scarcely be said to have increased either consumption or employment. Not a step has been made towards the provision of work, without which all remedies must be delusions. The Nazi Government claim to have reduced unemployment by two millions, but no one seems to believe that the claim is based on facts. It is one thing to cut down the unemployment statistics on paper and another to give people work, and in many parts of the country the alarm caused by extremists, none the less real because it is concealed, has accentuated the difficulties of the situation. The persecution of the Jews has never made for prosperity, as Spain discovered after Ferdinand and Isabella, and Nordic fairy tales are no substitute for financial organisation.

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Twenty-nine of the United States have now announced their decision that prohibition was a blunder, and only seven more are needed to secure the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment. The vast majorities by which prohibition has been denounced even in the driest States are very striking and provide a strange comment on the futility of political prophecies. A few years ago it was almost impossible to find an American who believed that the 18th Amendment would ever be repealed. The victory of common sense should be complete by November 7, and it is anticipated that the Amendment will be repealed in the first week

### The "Wet" Parade

of December. Many orders are being received in this country, not only for beer and whisky, but also for fine wines in which the downfall of prohibition is to be celebrated at Christmas. Wine growers have suffered severely from the slump, and now they see a chance of disposing of their surplus stocks. The champagne firms, who have been the chief sufferers, may reasonably hope for a return of prosperity. Meantime it is to be hoped that this country will free itself from the fetters that are Dora's legacy. There seems no reasonable argument against the measure that has now been drafted for the extension of licensing hours both for clubs and public-houses from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. on week days, with six hours between 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. on Sundays. The present situation with its muddle of different hours is ridiculous.

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It is rare indeed that this country rejoices exuberantly in a downpour of rain. This year, however, the soaking rain that ended a drought of nineteen days was welcome everywhere. It seems absurd that this country should ever be short of water. It never would be, if our dry periods were a little more frequent; for we should be driven to store the excess that descends on us for so many weeks during the year. The number of villages without any regular water supply, dependent on rain water tanks, is surprising and would have shocked the ancient Romans. It looks at present as if they will be provided with electric light and power before they are properly furnished with the first necessity of life—a situation as preposterous as that of the inland Moroccans who saw aeroplanes before they had made acquaintance with wheeled vehicles. There are still too many villages where water has to be drawn from outside the cottage. The most scrupulous housewife has in such cases to fight against fearful odds to keep her house and family clean, and an additional burden is imposed on country women, whose work is, as the proverb says, never done.

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Alfred Sutro, who is dead, was one of those playwrights whose lives remind us we may make our lives sublime. He only came to the stage after the city, and he made almost a howling success of it. He wrote excellent plays, one or two very genuine creations, on the "well-made" model which has gone out of fashion and may yet return to it. He was, literally, after Pinero, but not a long way after. He made a most conscientious study of his medium, and he brought to its service craftsmanship, wit, and humanity. If his death does not give new life to some of his puppets, his name will not be left out

#### He Wrote Plays

of the accounts of later historians of the art of drama in English.

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A good deal of eyewash has been used to explain away the recent election-results in Southern Rhodesia. The heavy government defeat is primarily due in truth to public disgust at the nepotism of its leaders, their subservience to Whitehall in contrast to Kenyan and South African leadership, and slackness over migration schemes to raise the home stock's proportion. There is a little fear of Boer domination along the southern border; there is, however, a far livelier fear of S.R.'s economic weakness until her population is substantially raised. And Southern Rhodesia is not at all unattractive to an adventurous spirit in a strong body, not afraid of real hard work.

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Ranching operations over 50,000 acres can be left to the larger purses: but cattle as an export is beginning, and promises well. Here, as elsewhere, any migrant is well advised to apprentice himself for a year to a local farmer in the line of business that he thinks of adopting.

#### And of Some Performance

Then there is tobacco, and in spite of American propaganda, sales of Rhodesian tobacco grow each year. At 9d. a lb. wholesale price with costs of 5d. a lb. all-in on a well run estate, tobacco growing is conservatively recommended out there. Even the slump has meant but one bad year. It means ten months' hard labour with constant worry, but with two months of care-free holiday. It calls for capital, but Imperial preference guarantees our huge home market. Unlike its neighbours S.R. is free of native labour friction; huge untouched reserves and wise administration see to that.

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The truth of the old French saying that *le sublime frise le ridicule*—the serious and the absurd are close allied—gets daily proof in the details of the Hitler anti-Semite campaign. A medical professor "compelled to resign" has committed suicide, and the German Stock Exchange proudly announces that it has no Jewish members now. Doctors who are Jews may treat only Jew patients if they expect to be paid for their services. And so on. Could reaction, in the literal sense of the word, go further? Other nations, including our own, have tried in bygone centuries to exclude Jews from the rights of citizenship. All have failed, as history shows, and Germany too will fail. In the meantime all friends of intellectual freedom will regret that Herr Einstein's acceptance of English hospitality to aliens—one of

#### Jews and Germans

our proudest traditions—should be so widely advertised as it has been in the last few days. We welcome him just as Holland made herself a city of refuge to Spinoza; but please no vulgar melodrama about it! Must he *really* be protected by hammerless ejectors? Is the poor man a Precious Peasant?

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Every year the training colleges of this country award certificates to some eight thousand young men and women who have been trained at our expense and your's in the art of science of teaching "the young idea how to grow."

### Teachers Out of Work

Sometimes we train too many: more often we train too few, and one of the most difficult tasks of the Board of Education is to decide how many to train. If you train too many, you flood the labour market with young people almost as difficult to place as retired majors or civil servants. If parliament had had the wisdom, now obvious to all, to put up the school age to fifteen, all would be well; but until Parliament comes to its senses, the Board is wise to discourage entrants to a profession which may prove to lead nowhither.

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Yesterday a century ago died Arthur Hallam—one of those whose spirit, in the words of a contemporary, "animates eternal years." He inspired Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and thereby made his undisputed claim to immortality.

### In Memoriam

Tennyson is returning to favour to-day and the perfection of his technique as singer is no longer dismissed as mannerisms and sentimentality. Anyhow much of what he wrote remains, and will always remain, in the incomparable *corpus* of English poetry. And in that residue will be many a stanza of *In Memoriam* making Arthur Hallam as immortal and far more alive than that elusive W.H. of The Sonnets.

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The overwhelming majority of milk producers in favour of the milk marketing scheme is surprising and a good omen for the success of the enterprise. Its acceptance was certain, but there were points on which the farmer was doubtful. Undoubtedly the scheme represents an advance on the past arrangements which were always liable to leave the producer selling milk at less than its cost. The Milk Marketing Board has a heavy task before it, as it is to control practically the whole milk supply of the country, which must rank as one of the essential services of our national life. We have still a long way to go before that supply is as it should be. Something must be wrong when the Chief Food Inspector for Liverpool can declare at the confer-

### Our Milk Supply

ence of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association that 30 per cent. of the cows killed under his supervision last year were tuberculous. Having dealt with the meat to prevent its consumption, he wondered what had happened to the thousands of gallons of milk that those animals had produced. Sir Leonard Hill, President of the Conference, defined the remedy: "The dwellings of cows should be cleaned up just as much as slum dwellings."

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One of the more remarkable advertisements which have appeared in the Scientific journals recently is the sober announcement by a well known firm of British Chemical manufacturers, that they were able to supply pure crystalline Vitamin D (irradiated ergosterol) Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) as well as a highly purified concentrate of Vitamin A.

### Vitamins Again

These "can be obtained in quantities for use in the manufacture of standardised vitamin preparation." One pictures the amazement which this advertisement would have caused among biochemists ten years ago. But, of course, vitamin research has made enormous progress just lately and it is now one of the most active of all branches of science. It has its own journals and publications. Very soon now small quantities of vitamins will even be injected into the ubiquitous tinned foods.

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The wonder of a watch is liable to be forgotten in these days of more sensational scientific miracles; yet there are some who still feel that the capacity of a collection of tiny springs and wheels to measure intangible time is in its way quite as amazing as wireless and electric cookers. Our ancestors brought a watch to last for generations. It was an enduring possession. All that was changed when some forty years ago the Waterbury watch appeared in England. The noble time-piece wrought with patience and enclosed in precious metal was driven into the background by a more or less accurate "ticker" which cost a fiftieth of its predecessor. No longer can the father of a family indulge in sinful and often self-deluding pride over the accuracy of the family watch. A watch costs less than a pair of boots and, if it goes wrong, another can be purchased without serious inroads on the family fortune. It is true that modern watches do not usually keep time, but that matters little as they can be checked by the wireless as often as you please. The watch of our forefathers which really did work in harmony with the seasons and the sun has become as obsolete as a totem, and so it is that we find a man of substance directing his executors to divide not only his gold chain

### Watches



but also his gold watch into four equal parts to make bangles for his daughters and daughters-in-law.

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It is always a matter of surprise to foreigners that London possesses no planetarium. Even some of the less important German towns like Düsseldorf boast a really fine one. They are visited every week by thousands of enthusiastic children and adults who derive great interest and enjoyment from watching the stars travelling round the artificial sky. Of course, the spectacle is really fascinating and instructive. The extraordinary thing about London's backwardness is that there is no doubt whatever that a planetarium would pay. The capital costs are small, the running costs negligible and the population of London so huge that the returns would be absolutely assured. There was some talk of constructing one at the Science Museum in South Kensington, but nothing has been heard of it for some time. There is a chance for a business man to render an educational service to London and to make a large profit at the same time.

### The Skies Above

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It is distinctly disquieting to learn from a magistrate that some window cleaning firms are "merely clearing houses for information for criminals." "I don't suppose," he added, "that there is a single window cleaning company who have not had at some time or another a convicted burglar in their employment." This is all very alarming, but is it not a little exaggerated? Magistrates who spend their lives dealing with criminals are inclined to emphasise the prevalence of law-breaking just as doctors whose profession brings them into contact with the sick are prone to believe that bad health is the rule. Thousands of people employ window cleaners and their houses are not burgled. It may be just the good fortune that their houses are not worth burgling, but perhaps the criminal window cleaner is rarer than the magistrate believes.

### Windows and Crime

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Those annoying neighbours who insist on demonstrating their unselfishness by opening their windows just before they turn on their wireless set full blast will no doubt rejoice at hearing that the new B.B.C. Station will be built to deliver 200 kilowatts. Louder and louder! The day will come when the whole of Europe will be covered with hundreds and hundreds of Stations all transmitting at least a thousand kilowatts each. The noise and interference would then be so tremendous that no one would be able to hear anything at all. It would no longer be worth while to switch on one's set.

### Worse than Babel

The Expanding Universe theory continues to provide a fruitful field, both of interest and of argument. It may be said to be fairly generally accepted. On the other hand, a very important question has just been raised by Miss Clark of Johns Hopkins University. She stresses the point that the observed facts might just as well be explained by supposing that the nebulae started separating from one another at high speed millions of years ago, but that their gravitational attraction is slowing them up, so that shortly the Universe will start contracting. Sir Arthur Eddington in his reply states that belief in one theory rather than another is often a matter of taste, and that for himself he prefers explosions to contractions. Voilà. Que c'est beau, la Science!

### Upside Down!

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Mr. G. H. Younger said that it was impossible to add deleterious substances to beer. He added:

### Beer and Hops

One might be able to make a palatable beverage without hops, but it would not be beer!

It is to Cromwell that we owe beer, as we know it to-day. It was he who sanctioned the use of hops and, being a brewer, he should have known. Yet there are many who hold that Cromwell used the hop deliberately as a passive propagandist in his Puritan campaign. There are still some who say that the hop produces melancholia, stony ground for the spirit of Merrie England.

The old English drink, ale, was made from the pure barley malt with the addition of pure water only. We are told that Queen Elizabeth enjoyed a quart of it every morning and a gallon every night. And also, we find her taking steps to preserve the purity of the national drink by putting a duty on all ale containing hops.

What would happen if we were to give the hop a rest for a few years?

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The whole earth is electrically charged, and for many years there has been much discussion as to where this electric charge might originate.

### The Influence of the Stars

The latest suggestion is due to Professor Kolhörster who went down the Stassfurt salt mines, where, at a depth equivalent to 1,600 feet of water, he still found traces of radiation which he attributed to the mysterious cosmic rays. These traces are probably the remaining primary radiation and when they are absorbed they would tend to give the earth an electrical charge. Now, since cosmic rays possibly originate in the stars, is this an argument in favour of astrology?



# "Mahatma" Gandhi—The Impostor Who Succeeded

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

**I**N an age of publicity Mr. Gandhi stands out as the most shining example of the uses of self-advertisement. Since he started his first campaign of "Non Violence" in March 1919, which led in a few weeks to open rebellion in parts of Bombay and the Punjab—a "Himalayan blunder" (to use his own words) which had to be atoned for by the first of his many fasts down to the latest, if not the last fast, which secured his release from jail a few weeks ago, he has always kept himself in that limelight without which he could not exist.

Successive Viceroy (Lord Willingdon excepted) and Secretaries of State have referred to him as a superior being or personally negotiated with him as an equal, even when he was announcing (*Spectator*, 19th April 1930) "I have made it my religion to destroy the Government as early as I can do it!" Highly placed ecclesiastics hung with rapture on his inspired words when he came to the Round Table Conference of 1931, and were delighted to offer him the seat of honour in hallowed Cathedrals when he was preaching "I pray God day and night that this Government may be destroyed once and for all." Even the B.B.C., always prompt to sense what appeals to the emotion in those days, broadcast an evening service ending with "Thank God for Mr. Gandhi and Lord Irwin!" That was on the eve of Mr. Gandhi's departure from England with the avowed intention of bringing the British Government to the speedy end he had been praying for—doubtless in British Cathedrals—by renewing Civil Disobediences and the boycott. This amiable "Saint," having had his head turned by the flattery and subservience of highly-placed people here, expected similar complaisance in other countries.

## They Knew Their Gandhi

Arriving in Rome he practically demanded an audience with the Pope within 24 hours. The Vatican is better informed and less sentimental than our ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Pope is said to have taken some time to decide, as he was so impressed with Mr. Gandhi's reception in England, that he was unwilling to appear lacking in courtesy. But Mr. Gandhi neither received an audience nor was he asked to occupy the place of honour in St. Peter's. He returned to India full of anti-British venom, and at once endeavoured to restore his lowered prestige by the familiar dodge of beating the Viceroy. But Lord Willingdon knew his Gandhi. Nine years before as Governor of Madras he and Lord Lloyd persuaded, one might say compelled, Lord Reading to sanction Gandhi's prosecution for his share in the Neoplath rebellion.

Gandhi gloried in the crime, was sent to jail

for 6 years, but released unconditionally by a kindly Government after two, and promptly renewed his seditious activities. But in January 1932 Lord Willingdon not only refused to see Gandhi till the latter should publicly revoke his Civil Disobedience programme, but on his refusal promptly interned him. The Pope and Lord Willingdon are among the few persons whom Mr. Gandhi was unable to cajole or intimidate. The present writer claims to be another.

## A Personal Experience

In April 1919, when Mr. Gandhi's campaign of "non violence" had led to the murder of several British and Indians and open rebellion in the Punjab, Mr. Gandhi was on his way thither to look upon his work. The writer had him arrested en route, in spite of his peaceful protestations, and taken back to Bombay. It was then that Gandhi first had recourse to the "fasting" which has since so often extricated him from his self-created difficulties, for nothing appeals more to the Indian imagination than real or pretended austerity. Indeed, to fast on your enemy's doorstep to the point of death, thereby securing his damnation in the next world, is so well recognised a force of coercion and blackmail in India that it has been made a serious crime under the Penal Code.

Mr. Gandhi's latest "fast" secured his release from prison, while thousands of the unfortunate dupes who accompanied him in the last two Civil Disobedience Campaigns are still serving their sentences. But sympathy for the sufferings of others is not one of Mr. Gandhi's weaknesses. A few years ago, when it was pointed out to him that the removal of the British Raj, his avowed aim, would be followed by a sanguinary Civil War between Hindus and Moslems, Mr. Gandhi blandly replied—"What matters it if millions are killed till our side extirpates the other, for in the end those left will be Indians?"

Fasting and meditation clearly do not incline him to charity. Since his release he has attempted to palliate the cowardly murder of Mr. Burge, the Magistrate of Midnapur by saying that the terrorism of the law (ordinances) is bound to produce such counter-terrorism. This is in accordance with his consistent admiration for the political murderers' lofty ideals while deploring their resort to methods of violence.

The marvel is that this astute hypocrite by his ascetic pose and child-like blandness should have for so long imposed not only on the ignorant and credulous but even on intelligent people here and in India. In March 1920, an Irish acquaintance who had come to India on business which brought him into daily contact with Mr. Gandhi for some weeks, said to the writer "I came here with a great

admiration for Mr. Gandhi. I have now seen him with the mask on and with the mask off; it is rarely off. That man is the biggest impostor that ever frightened a cowardly government or fooled a credulous people."

The fact is that hitherto Mr. Gandhi has frightened the Government by leading them to believe that he has the people behind him; he has fooled the people by making them believe that the Government is frightened of him. Directly the Government shook off this fright and treated him as an ordinary mortal amenable to the law, the spell was broken. But in the past Gandhi was able to recover his prestige either by another fast or by interviews with the Viceroy.

Both these devices have now worn thin. Since his last fast Mr. Gandhi has been forsaken and even denounced by various congress sections, which hitherto had yielded him unquestioning obedience. Lord Willingdon's firmness has been the chief factor in opening most people's eyes. But you can fool some people all the time. The Corporation of Calcutta which is dominated by a Congress majority, the Flower of Bengal Hinduism, is to-day an object lesson in Swaraj, for under its existing Constitution it is

practically independent of any Government control. It has used its power to offer priority of appointment to criminals convicted of crimes against the State, giving them leave while serving terms of imprisonment, and to select school-teachers for their known seditious views.

### *The Prince of Peace*

To this body Mr. Gandhi is still an idol. The Calcutta "Statesman" of 17th August publishes the following resolution passed without opposition. "The Corporation places on record its protest against the arrest and conviction of Mahatma Gandhi, the prince of peace, the apostle of truth and non violence and the greatest man living in this world!"

The Calcutta Corporation represents the greatest, wealthiest and most enlightened City in India. Whatever consolation Mr. Gandhi may find in their resolution, the Government here and in India who are using all their power to place our Indian Empire under the control of politicians holding those views (for the Congress is admittedly the strongest political party) cannot shut their eyes to it without being false to their trust.

## Feisal of Iraq—And After?

By J. Wentworth Day

**T**HOSE who knew him are not surprised at the sudden death of King Feisal of the twelve-year-old Kingdom of Iraq. On his recent visit to London he was a sick man. At no time in his life was he ever strong. His heart was his danger. This frail, pale, kingly figure of a man, with the restless, melancholy eyes, was too highly reared to withstand for long the stresses of sudden and overwhelming statesmanship with which the post-war creation of his heterogeneous, hastily flung together Kingdom saddled him.

But as a statesman he must always rank high. He was quick to see and appreciate the benefits of British rule. He was even quicker to realise that if British friendship were exploited it would lead to the consummation of his desire—the establishment of a closely knit, financially independent State, practically independent of the West owing to its own natural resources and strategic position.

### *Iraq First*

An orthodox biography and hastily written newspaper survey revealed Feisal "A Friend of Britain." He was nothing of the sort. First and foremost he was a friend of the destiny of his people. Britain was merely a means to an end. That end was to set his people on a firm and lasting basis with prosperity and independence. He knew only too well that Iraq could never develop and sell her own oil deposits. He knew that she could neither police her rebels nor defend her frontiers without our bayonets and bombers. But he was no more a friend of this country than the average man is a friend of his bank manager. In fact, the relationship between Feisal and Britain was almost exactly that,

True, he left the Turk and fought for Britain during the war, and he was our ally to the end. Lacking the ferocity and ruthless military genius of Ebn Saud, he yet possessed the finer, more delicate generalship of a true aristocrat. This descendant of the Prophet, a thousand years of Royal blood and breeding in his veins, fought for Britain, not for any love of this country, but for love of his own. He realised only too well that the victory of Germany meant the dominion of the Turk. And under the Turk there could have been no freedom for the "Land of the Three Rivers." So he gambled on Britain and, gambling, won. The final dice was thrown—and won again—when Iraq received her independence and became a Nation in the eyes of the world. King Feisal pocketed his winnings and, had he lived, would have invested them under the eye and the guidance of this country. His winnings were our gain. We were partners great and small in a game which to Feisal meant the creation of a Nation, to us the forging of a link in the chain of an Empire. Part of that link was the guarantee of the safety of our imperial air lines over his dominions. Another part, the guarantee of his supplies of oil from the wells of Iraq.

But this we may say, that, whereas other potentates and other States from time to time have tried, not only to make use of us, but to trick us, never by token of word or deed did King Feisal attempt to trick this country. He had no particular love for us. But he had a great deal of use for us. He found that we, as a State, were honest in our dealings. And he in turn was honest with us.

How far this may be applied to his dealings with the great oil combines which were half the prosperity of his Kingdom, we cannot say. The ways of oil magnates and oil politics are dark. Never was a book more aptly named than that illuminating volume, "We Fight for Oil"—in which an American editor told the whole story of the war for oil a few years ago. But one thing we may say: that, whatever the disputes and discussions that may have taken place behind the scenes, in the fight for Iraq oil, the history of other concessions is on the whole blameless.

Enough has been said about the purpose of our responsibility in Iraq. We have been told to clear out time and again by our newspaper politicians at home. In all truth the country cost us dearly, and we have received precious little credit in return. But that we did not expect. An Empire is like the parent of a family. It trains its children and expects and receives little but complaints when they are grown up. But these complaints are usually petty, the fruit of growing pains and hidden tempers, and as such we may perhaps regard the vociferations of those minorities, who in Iraq to-day were clamouring twenty-four hours before the King died, for the ousting of the British, bag, baggage and bombers.

Shall we now remain? A great deal in the next six months depends not only upon our diplomatic responsibilities there, but upon the conduct of our oil interests. By their acts our future in this vital key position of the Orient will be dissipated or solidified.

We have weakened almost fatally in India.

Islam is watching us with more interest than ever before. During the war we won her respect. Since the peace we have earned her contempt. If we slide out of Iraq now we shall have lost one of the world's greatest sources of power. And if we lose power, we lose all. America is waiting for the chance to seize the concessions we so hardly won. Japan needs oil. Every country in the world needs oil. The price we pay may be high, but no good life insurance is ever bought by a cheap premium.

### *The Melting Pot*

The death of Feisal has thrown all these matters into a sudden melting pot. Had he lived another five years our position under the mandate would have been strengthened immeasurably. Our commercial relations would have improved, the future of our imperial airways over that part of the world's surface would have been placed on a more permanent basis, and the internal remains of distrust and dislike of British interference under the King's wise eye would have relapsed into impotence, if not acquiescence.

But now, suddenly, after twelve years of peaceful and (these demand it) beneficent penetration, the position we have earned has been thrown back into the arena of Oriental political supports. What may happen, no one can say. But a great deal depends upon a wise Government at home, and a wise man on the spot. Two years of time may see Socialism in power. If that comes Iraq will go, and if Iraq goes, our oil goes. And oil is power. Iraq cannot use it. But someone else will.

## His Majesty the Rent Collector

By Sir H. E. Morgan, K.B.E.

**A** WELCOME sign of the efficacy of State Enterprise is shown by the Housing Scheme at present in progress on the Crown property in the Albany Street district. The estate in question, which was originally laid out by Nash a few years after Regent Street, was part of a grandiose plan. The Industrial Revolution had just increased the numbers of the working classes, canals had initiated the period of cheap and rapid transport, and so, near the Cumberland Basin of the Regent's Canal were erected three squares of working class dwellings. The swift and amazing spread of railway transport naturally sounded the death knell of the canals and, with the Cumberland Basin, and the Cumberland Market which it was intended to serve, it became moribund. An even poorer class of worker crowded into the houses, and the property deteriorated.

The leases have now fallen in and the Commissioners for Crown Lands have decided to clear the sites. Their scheme, which has been conceived and carried out by Mr. C. E. Varndell, the Crown Surveyor, is roughly as follows:

(1) To clear away the slums and to house the dispossessed workers in three blocks of model flats

on the site of the Cumberland Market. The rent of these flats is to be in some cases as low as 7s. 6d. a week.

(2) To build in the place of the former slums a series of better class flats, the rents of which will vary from £100 to £230 a year.

(3) To construct streets and motorways more suitable to the heavy volume of modern road transport.

The working class of the district is now almost entirely rehoused. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales opened Tatchett House—the first of the new buildings—in May, 1932, and expressed his admiration and pleasure at the way in which the work had been done. These particular flats remain the property of the Crown who, in this case, is not only the ground landlord, but has erected the buildings, administers the estate and collects the rents itself. Those in control have wisely remembered the associations of the district with its great architect and have tried, as far as possible, to preserve its Regency characteristics.

The rest of the area is to be developed by private enterprise, the Crown merely remaining the ground landlord. A block at the corner of Albany



Street and Osnaburgh Street is at present vacant and awaiting development. It is safe to say that, in this instance, the State has set an admirable example to be followed by all owners of slum property.

The question may still be asked whether this is enough. In London alone the Crown owns sites of immense value, some of which are under the control of the Commissioners for Crown Lands, some under that of the Duchy of Lancaster. There is also the vast Duchy of Cornwall estate in the Kennington district. Sooner or later the problem of dealing with this property will arise. At present we are faced with falling revenues and an unprecedented volume of unemployment. Slum clearance is a question upon which all parties are agreed. Even the parsimonious National Government has recognised this fact in the circular issued on April 6, in which the Ministry of Health states that "the present rate at which the slums are being dealt with is much too slow." What time could possibly be more propitious for dealing with the question of the Crown Lands than now?

#### *A Boon to the Chancellor*

Valuable though the Crown property be at present, its potentialities are unbounded. It is readily realised that in a period of financial stringency like the present it is virtually impossible to table any scheme of relief which is economically unsound, but such a scheme as that envisaged in the Albany Street area, such a scheme as may easily be undertaken in any one of the many similar Crown properties in London, would help the Chancellor of the Exchequer not only by reducing the number of able-bodied men in receipt of Unemployment Benefit, but would also contribute additional sources of revenue to the Budget balanced with so much difficulty.

Antiquated and inconvenient buildings can be destroyed, blocks of small dwellings can be swept away and large buildings housing ten to fifteen times the population can be erected in their place without the overcrowding and congestion which exists to-day. With no profiteering nor with any possibility of the reproach of jerry builder and slum landlord being hurled at the State, the rent roll of the Crown can be raised to a considerably higher level. Rents, indeed, may be lowered individually when there is a denser population to the square mile and yet the total volume of State revenue raised from such rents may be increased enormously. Mr. C. E. Varndell's activities have proved that it is not necessary for the State to be exclusively a ground landlord.

The Church of England is frequently derided as being reactionary. It has recently, by the action of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in selling the site of St. Mary the Virgin in Charing Cross Road in order to endow a new church in one of the suburbs of Outer London, lighted a candle almost to be compared with that which moved Bishop Latimer to such eloquence at Oxford.

The Duchy of Lancaster has allowed its property at the corner of Wellington Street and the

Strand to be developed commercially. In this case, however, with the exception of the building which they retain for the purpose of administering the Duchy Estate, they have permitted the site to be developed by private enterprise.

While, of course, it is essential that schemes of reclamation should be protected by the refusal of admission to such undesirable tenants as would perpetuate slum conditions, there is no need to assume that the Crown as a landlord would of necessity entail that grandmotherly system of government and those infringements of personal liberty which have become associated with the idea of State Control. At present the progress of any Housing Scheme in London is held up by the necessity of having to obtain the sanction of various authorities and a new committee, which means, in effect, a new stile to be crossed, is proposed as a result of the controversy which arose over the Carlton House Terrace plan.

#### *Hail to Architects!*

Among the great cities of the world London is strangely backward in the number of modern buildings which she can show. British architects are as able as any; they would be allowed, by a co-ordinated scheme of clearance and rebuilding, to prove their mettle and to show that they, as well as their Continental fellow craftsmen, can erect buildings which are modern in style, suitable to modern needs and not wholly derivative from the ideas of their predecessors. Where questions of taste or of sentiment make it reasonable to build in a style which is at once reminiscent of the past and at the same time consonant with modern ideas, that should, of course, be done.

The State can, whenever it wills, raise the money for schemes, whether productive or non-productive, at terms which compare very favourably with those obtainable by any private commercial enterprise. The initial expenses, and they may possibly be heavy, for such a scheme as that proposed can readily be raised; the return will be profitable in more ways than one and almost immediate.

In brief, the working classes could be housed less squalidly, the middle classes could be housed more adequately, the number of the unemployed could be decreased, the annual revenues of the State could be increased, the Architects of England could be given a chance to show their worth, London could be developed on a well co-ordinated and defined plan instead of retaining the chaos and confusion which at present reign in her not very beautiful streets, and the problems of modern transport, if not solved, could be diminished, if the Government would find the resolution to deal with the question of the Crown Lands.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

# The Mechanisation of Golf

By Henry Longhurst

**T**HERE is no doubt whatever that the years since the war have seen the Industrial Revolution of Golf. The old order has changed and the new to which it has given place is bigger, brighter, more colourful and, in general, more varied than were the old foundations from which the game arose.

Whether the change has been for better or for worse is, and will remain to be, a subject of heated debate. Is the new age of machinery, the influence of whose iron grasp is traceable as clearly in the game of golf as in the higher pursuits of life, what the facetious historian called a Good Thing—or is it a Bad Thing?

A notable golfer in Mr. T. A. Bourn has declared emphatically in favour of "progress, not tradition." He thinks, reasonably enough, that the form of the ancient institutions should be constantly modified to keep in line with modern conditions. There are many who think with him, as a recent controversy with regard to conditions of play in the Amateur Championship only too patently showed.

There are almost as many, however, who, welcoming to their business the efficiency, specialisation and standardisation of modern times, resent them with equal vehemence when they are applied to what is, or is meant to be, their recreation. In that ever-decreasing number I have the honour, although I belong strictly to the modern generation, of enrolling myself.

I deplore the presence in golf of the No. 5 and No. 6 iron. It seems to me that this division of labour amongst the iron clubs, as the economists would doubtless call it, has robbed the game of much of the individuality and the variety which made it the most fascinating of all sports. The modern golfer has one shot and one only, and he directs the distance which the ball shall travel not by the shot he plays but simply by the club with which he plays it.

The only occasion on which he catches a glimpse of the game as it used to be played is when he takes part in a one-club contest, and finds to his delighted amazement that he can make his No. 2 iron do all manner of interesting things of which he would never have believed it to be capable. But by this time it is too late: the change has come, his soul is past saving, and he has not the courage to be loyal to his newfound pleasure and cast out the ten steel-shafted usurpers in his bag. The very next time he finds himself in a bunker he will call, with at the best a shade of guilt in his conscience, for his No. 8A.

There is no doubt to my mind that the modern golf ball, wonderful engineering achievement though it may be, travels much too far. I know that many of the most eminent golf architects will agree with me. The game is reduced to a farce

when two full blows in the summer mean a trudge of 500 yards, and when, as happened to Craig Wood at St. Andrews in the Open Championship this year, a good drive is trapped in a bunker that was set to catch a mis-hit *Third*.

One has no desire, in a misplaced outburst of die-hard enthusiasm, to go back to the days of feather balls and to bring into play as a genuine reality the rule which says that if the ball split asunder another shall be played from where the bigger portion lies. At the same time it is an indisputable fact that a certain curtailment of its flight would bring back to some of the great golf courses much of the essential character, of which the modern ball has deprived them.

Perhaps the greatest of all the changes which the golfing revolution has brought in its wake—and one much deplored by golfers of the old school—has occurred in the professional's shop. It is a brighter, cleaner and, I suspect, more paying place than ever it used to be, but its peculiar glamour is lost. The sawdust on the floor, the old-fashioned vice, the pot of glue on the gas-ring, the odd boxes packed away among the shavings under the bench, with their varied assortments of rusty iron heads and balls to be repainted, the solid blocks from which the heads of wooden clubs would ultimately be hewed, all are gone. In their stead are bright, shining linoleum, multi-coloured advertisement placards announcing the latest golfing novelties, and row upon row of matched sets of steel-shafted clubs of all sorts, shapes and colours. The ancient order has gone for good, but I for one cannot but regret its passing.

## To His Successor

At first, perhaps, you'll either think or say,  
I wonder why he did this thing this way,  
I shall do better, for I have a quest  
Beyond his vision, though he did his best.  
Then, in a little while, when you have walked  
The road he toiled at, finding he was baulked  
By this sharp thorn and that unyielding rock,  
You'll sit down to consider, taking stock  
Of things you never recognised before;  
You will admire, perhaps, the way he bore  
The pain of failure, when he did not guess  
The measure of his almost gained success;  
And still again, after a little while,  
When you have smoothed the road another mile,  
You will consider keys, within your hand,  
Made for locked gates into a perfect land,  
And after you have tried them all in vain,  
Humbled, yet wiser, you will not disdain  
The stepping stone he broke his heart to hew,  
Making the pathway possible for you.

MAY I. E. DOLPHIN.

# A Countryman's Diary

By S. L. Bensusan

5 a.m. (Summertime). Go downstairs slowly, not feeling at my best; there are no excuses for the hour except the heat and the impossibility of sleeping any longer when the swallow that nests in the chimney had flown round the room twice, before going out of the window. Look at some unfinished work on desk and decide promptly not to disturb it so early. Pigeons in the wood gossip loudly; they must be surprised to see me. Walk across meadow; get wet. Dew is a greatly over-rated form of moisture, cunning and insidious; poets should be compelled to walk through some before they write about it.

5.20 a.m. Young cuckoo lights on rail fence by the brook. Two foster parents, fly catchers, are on duty. If they fail to keep cuckoo's large mouth full, it complains loudly. A dreadful life for fly catchers. Query: Why have they not evolved a talent for making fly papers? Pigeons from tree tops jeer at perspiring foster parents.

5.30 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Jay and family raiding a bean row. Catch a glint of feathers and realise what is going on. Clap my hands. Two parents and four offspring fly away to the nearest alder and hide in branches to watch till I move away. Make a mental note that jays are cunning. It may help students of wild life.

5.50 a.m. Some hawfinches leave late peas that are being kept for seed and pelt back to wood. Examine pods and find that field mice have also been attacking them. This taste for peas among the lower orders of creation is to be deplored, but one is pleased to see hawfinches.

6 a.m. Gardener busy watering. Left him watering at 9 p.m. Wonder if he goes to bed, but do not ask; he seems busy and well content.

6.45 a.m. Count fifty-eight rabbits in one meadow eating my substance. Vow vengeance. Rabbits continue to eat substance. Pigeons appear to be highly amused; they chuckle.

7.15 a.m. See a fish in the brook. Start to dream of trout. Mother cuckoo flies past. She has come round to see if her baby is being properly cared for by fly catchers.

7.30 a.m. Postman arrives and remarks that I am about early. Tell him loftily that I've been working since 5 a.m. The touch of imagination pleases me, doesn't hurt him and merely shocks the pigeons. They remark upon the statement; but postman can't understand what they say.

8 a.m. Ask if breakfast will ever be ready and suggest that it is a pity to waste the pleasant morning.

8.15 a.m. Breakfast.

8.45 a.m. Write letters, one must be copied.

9.30 a.m. Daily Paper arrives.

9.40 a.m. Settle down to work.

9.45 a.m. Telephone bell, wrong number.

9.50 a.m. Telephone bell, a trivial message.

9.55 a.m. Telephone bell. Exchange says it did not ring. Say "tut-tut" in a harsh tone.

9.56 a.m. Secretary comes in to ask if I would

mind reading certain words that I appear to have written hastily. Find myself unable to oblige.

10.15 a.m. Gardener arrives, panting with indignation. A rabbit has entered garden and eaten a gladiolus and some young lettuce plants; a mole has been running under a flower bed. I condole and commend both intruders to his mercy. He points out that lettuces are scarce just now and adds that they (that is, rabbits) are varmints. Admit that this may be so.

10.20 a.m. to 12.5 p.m. Walk steadily. Seven farm labourers, four tradesmen, two old ladies in cottage gardens, two tramps, a lad on a bicycle, a school girl and a farmer tell me it is a fine day. I knew this. Farmer says weather has been good for crops. My only crop being grass that the rabbits have eaten, reply bitterly that he may be right.

1.15 p.m. Lunch.

1.45 p.m. Retire to study to read the paper.

2.30 p.m. Wake with a start.

2.30 to 4.30 p.m. Work in study.

4.30 to 5 p.m. Cut down thistles in meadow. Pigeons in larch wood highly amused.

5.5 p.m. Gardener arrives very angry indeed. Has seen traces of a rat and is about to set four traps in its path. Alas, poor offensive rodent.

6 p.m. Listen to the news, after hearing the end of a roll of regrettable birthdays. Gardener has resumed his watering with great intensity of purpose. Young cuckoo is being fed again. Jays are still watching the bean rows from the alder tree, to which gardener has just driven them. He shouts that if he comes nigh them with a gun—jays ignore threat, knowing he has no gun, and the pigeons chuckle from the fir tree tops.

6.30 p.m. Large company of whitethroats doing useful work on young fruit bushes, eating aphides. Pigeons sneer coarsely at them.

7 p.m. Count eighty odd rabbits eating poor remains of my substance in one meadow. Gardener watering. He doesn't mind what happens to my pasture if the wire netting protects his vegetables.

7.10 p.m. Take new lurcher down to the meadow where rabbits are. She has a good run. Scores of rabbits pass her by; she ignores them. "Soon as she sees a rabbit, master, she's got it, an' she's bringin' it back to ye," said the intelligent countryman from whom I purchased her, hurriedly, twenty-four hours ago.

7.30 p.m. Dinner.

8.15 p.m. Am unable to number the droves of rabbits steadily reducing meadows to ruin, but am sure that if caught and sold for the benefit of the National Debt, an income tax would be reduced. Lurcher peacefully in her kennel. Gardener watering. He expresses himself vindictively about varmints that enter gardens; ruined meadows and lurchers without experience leave him cold.

9.30 p.m. Moon has risen. A night jarr trills from the bracken by the wood side. There is no other sound in this world just now.



## "Bishops I Have Met"

By A Dean

I HAVE always felt sorry for Bishops; they lead such lonely lives. Living in superior isolation, which most of them detest and feel the unreality of, few have either the courage or ability to rid themselves of the Episcopal fetters. With few they can trust, none they care to confide in as regards their own inner religious life, the majority of Bishops are slaves of convention from which, try as they may—and many *do* try—they are unable to free themselves. They are to be pitied rather than blamed.

An early episcopal experience was of a bishop who by sheer grit and hard work, without influence and in face of much opposition had risen from being a poor village lad to the spiritual overseership of a large diocese over which he ruled justly and well. Rough of exterior, absolutely just, fearless and uncompromising, he doubtless made many enemies but was at heart the kindest of men and many a young curate—myself among the number—found in him a true friend and sympathiser. My first interview with him was a trying experience. Taking up a Bible he told me to go to the other end of the room and read a few verses as I would a lesson in church. I started with "Here beginneth the xiv.th chapter of Isaiah at the vii.th verse."

"Stop" almost roared the Bishop and my knees shook, "that's wrong. How can a chapter *begin* at the vii.th verse! It begins at the i.st; try again."

This time I read it correctly announcing the lesson as beginning at the vii.th verse of the xiv.th chapter, but how often since have I recalled the incident when, as frequently happens, clergy are guilty of the same mistake as I made myself years ago. This Bishop possessed a keen sense of humour and never hesitated to express his opinions. Visitors generally found him writing when they were admitted to his presence, his usual greeting being: "Good morning. Take a chair."

The story is told—of its truth I cannot vouch—that upon one occasion a certain well-known Bishop was announced. "Good morning. Take a chair." was his greeting.

"My Lord, I am the Bishop of —," indignantly replied his visitor.

"Take two chairs then," came the quick reply, which was immediately followed by a hearty laugh and in a few minutes the two ecclesiastics were "swapping stories" like a couple of jolly school-boys.

Most bishops hold their butlers in awe and even this one was taken aback when upon informing his butler that he expected about thirty clergy to luncheon the next day he was asked the startling question "Be they 'igh church or low my Lord?" "What difference does that make?" asked the amazed bishop. "Well its like this my Lord. If they be 'igh church they drinks a lot and if they

be low they eats a lot, so I likes to know what to provide."

"Honest Jack" was the idol of a vast working-class diocese, bluff, hearty, good-natured, always ready with a joke or an amusing story. I met him first upon the deck of an ocean liner where he was an enthusiastic member of the passengers cricket team. Try to imagine the picture. His round, smiling face and snow white hair surmounted by a light grey cap worn at a rakish angle and with amazing checks, large round spectacles adding still further to his comic appearance. Over his episcopal apron he wore a short white cotton jacket which allowed the tails of the apron "to flutter gaily in the breeze," while his feet were adorned with a pair of white canvas tennis shoes which hardly seemed in keeping with his episcopal gaiters! He was the life and soul of the ship and nothing delighted him more than to spin yarns to an equally delighted crowd of stewards and crew whose hearty laughter rang nightly through the ship.

I next met "Honest Jack" as he was affectionately called, in the depths of a vast forest hundreds of miles from England. Riding along miles from the nearest habitation I unexpectedly came upon a small log cabin against the doorway of which, clad in a blue shirt and "dungarees," leaned "Honest Jack" who—as he told me with a twinkle in his eye—was on one of his "episcopal rounds." Upon arriving at the cabin he had found its sole occupant—an old woodman—seriously ill and he at once threw off his coat, cooked some food for the man, cleaned up the cabin and by his cheeriness aroused the patient from his state of depression. The Bishop had sat up all night with him and declared his intention of remaining on duty until somebody came along whom he could send for assistance. No wonder the Diocese worshipped him.

A totally different individual was the bishop who, at any rate among non-churchgoers bore the nickname of "Johnny Walker" owing to his partiality for a famous whisky, and who to say the least was not in favour of prohibition! His chief ambition was to be greeted in the streets and I have walked with him while he employed himself by counting the number of people who bowed to him en route. His great object was to gain every possible honour, often using very undignified (not to use a stronger word) means to achieve his purpose. Except by a few "place hunters" he was universally disliked by both clergy and laity and openly asserted to the Dean that his reason for so seldom visiting the Deanery was because the Dean was a teetotaler! No wonder the church life of the diocese was at a low ebb.

Space demands the ending of these reminiscences the writing of which has been a pleasure bringing back memories of happy years of long ago and of friends I knew "long since and lost awhile."

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## The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.*

But these sentiments were now quite out-of-date. They certainly did not appear to be shared by the Constitutional Press, which broke out into appreciative paragraphs on the very people whose anti-patriotic activities had been the objects of their denunciation throughout, and after the War.

Meanwhile, the Conservatives prided themselves on accepting their defeat in a thoroughly "sporting" spirit. They were disappointed of course, but not chastened. The great thing was "to go out smiling." This habit of treating politics as a game in which the rules of sport and not the rules of war must be observed has been peculiar to the Conservative Party during the past twelve years. Largely composed of men brought up at public schools, they have been unable to divest themselves of the idea that Parliament is a prolonged cricket match in which one's side comes in to bat and, being fairly bowled, goes out again to field with great good humour. And at the end of each innings both elevens shake hands over drinks and smokes in the pavilion.

This might have been comprehensible when the contest lay between Whigs and Tories or Liberals and Unionists, whose opposing political theories were concerned with no fundamental changes in the existing social order. On both sides the cricket spirit could then be maintained with safety.

But with the advent of the "Labour" Party to the field of politics, an entirely different element had been introduced. It was not only a question of the harm they had done in the past, but of the havoc they might work in the future. As Mr. Lloyd George had said, the "peril" was "the phenomenal rise to power of a new party with new purposes of the most subversive character. It calls itself Labour, but it is really Socialist . . . Socialism is fighting . . . to destroy everything that the great prophets and leaders laboured for generations to build up."

Faced by such a foe as this, politics had ceased to be a game and had become a war in which there could be no fraternising between the trenches if it was to be brought to a successful conclusion. But the Conservatives declined to see it in this light, they declined even to regard it as a sport to be played with all the rigour of the game, for, as Mr. Robert Hichens makes one of his characters say with regard to bridge-playing: "One can't fight well if one is full of sympathy and consideration for one's enemies." In accordance with this spirit, the word of command went out in 1923 that the triumph of the Labour Party was to be marred by no adverse criticism. During one of the periodic reorganisations to which the Conservative Central Office has been subjected in

the course of the last few years, it was stated in the Press at that date:

The most striking feature of the suggested reorganisation is that direct attacks on Socialism would cease at once. A forward and positive policy of social reform is suggested instead, and an educative scheme is adumbrated whereby the electorate would be made acquainted with the fact that social reform was originally suggested by the Conservative Party.<sup>1</sup>

At the same time the Principal Agent, Sir Reginald Hall, announced in a speech to Unionist delegates that nothing was to be said against the leaders of the Labour Government.

"So long as he had a voice in the affairs at the Central Office nothing should be sent out from there of a nature that should decry the King's Government. They might severely criticise some of the Government's measures, but no personalities should ever go out while he was there" [Cheers].<sup>2</sup>

So at the moment of their most severe reverse, Conservatism was to surrender its strongest weapon. The one fact that had hitherto weighed with the electorate was the war record of the Socialist leaders;<sup>3</sup> now these same leaders were to be acclaimed as worthy custodians of the country's safety.

The idea of the Conservative Party and the Constitutional Press was "to give Labour a chance." What they succeeded in doing was to give the Labour Party a free advertisement and rehabilitate them in the eyes of the electorate. The only impression the man in the street could gather was that the "Labour" leaders had been cruelly maligned in the past. Moreover, in accepting the term "Labour" as descriptive of the Party that had now taken office, Conservatives were directly aiding them to deceive the electorate. Mr. Dan Griffiths, writing in the *Daily Herald* after the 1923 election pointed out that:

Four and a half million workers have voted Labour, whereas nine millions of the workers have voted anti-Labour. In other words, twice as many workers have voted against the Labour Party as have voted for Labour.<sup>4</sup>

What right, then, had the Party to claim to represent Labour? By this device they have always succeeded in capturing a number of votes that would never have gone to them had they called themselves by their true name, the "Socialist Party." It was for the Constitutional Press, and above all for the Conservative Party to show them in their true colours, instead of lending themselves to an imposture and allowing them to masquerade

<sup>1</sup> *Evening Standard*, February 14, 1924.

<sup>2</sup> *Morning Post*, February 7, 1924.

<sup>3</sup> On this question see *Potted Biographies: a Dictionary of Anti-National Biography*. (Boswell Printing Company, price 6d.)

<sup>4</sup> *Daily Herald*, December 27, 1923.



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as a party genuinely representative of the aspirations of the working-classes.

The Labour Government itself was of course far too adroit to do anything that would frighten the electorate. All their energies were concentrated on proving that the charges hitherto brought against them were unfounded, that far from being revolutionary, they intended to make no drastic changes, that far from being anti-Imperialist, they were the staunchest supporters of the Empire, and that far from being Republicans, they were amongst His Majesty's most loyal subjects.

It is true that before the Labour Party assumed the reins of Office Mr. George Lansbury, in a speech at the Shoreditch Town Hall, startled the public by observing:

One king stood up against the common people and that day he lost his head—lost it really. Later one of his descendants thought he would have a turn; they told him to get out and he went quickly. . . . George the Fifth would be well advised to keep his finger out of the pie now.

At the great Labour rally which took place at the Albert Hall three days later, Mr. Lansbury had a marvellous reception, the "Red Flag" was sung with enthusiasm and Mr. Robert Smillie declared: "Our little rumble of revolution does not come fully yet, but it is coming! [Applause.] It is already putting the fear of God into the hearts of our opponents!" [Loud applause.]

But the impression created by these threats was quickly obliterated by the speeches that followed after. The honours of the evening went to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who assured his enraptured audience that: "We are a party of idealists. We are a party that away in the dreamland of imagination dwells in the social organisation, fairer and more perfect than any organisation that mankind has ever known."<sup>1</sup>

The Labour Party thus appeared to be simply a large missionary society out to regenerate the world by purely spiritual means.

In accordance with this rôle an olive-branch was dispatched to France. Who had dared to say the Labour Party were pro-German? It would now be seen that they were as staunch supporters of the Entente as of the Empire, the Monarchy and the Constitution. It is interesting to compare their utterances before and after their accession to office. Thus, on August 7, 1922, a leading article in the official organ of the Party had observed in connection with the meeting of Allied Prime Ministers in London:

For the good of Europe and of the world, we hope that, at to-day's meeting, Mr. Lloyd George will, for once in his career, stand up to Monsieur Poincaré. Too long has the British Premier allowed this country to be dragged, at the bidding of French militarism, along the road that inevitably leads to world chaos. . . . Let Mr. Lloyd George to-day take the necessary steps to curb France. Cause has been given over and over again, and by her decision to act alone in the attempt to make Germany a vassal State, France has broken the Entente.

But now the Labour Party were in office, it seemed that nothing lay nearer to their hearts than the maintenance of the Entente, and Mr. Mac-

Donald, only four days after his accession to office, hastened to write a personal letter expressed in the most friendly terms to Monsieur Poincaré himself. Indeed it appears that hitherto it had not been the Labour Party, but the people of England who had attributed militarist intentions to France.

Thus," wrote Mr. MacDonald in a subsequent letter to Monsieur Poincaré, on February 21, "it has come about that the people in this country regard with anxiety what appears to them to be the determination of France to ruin Germany and to dominate the Continent . . . that they feel apprehensive of the large military and aerial establishments maintained, not only in Eastern, but in Western France," etc.<sup>1</sup>

The organ of Mr. MacDonald's own Party had certainly done nothing to allay these apprehensions which were nowhere observable in the minds of the general public. It was not "the people" who had forgotten the War!

Monsieur Poincaré, whilst "much touched" by Mr. MacDonald's new-found affection for France, replied with his habitual firmness, and accepted Mr. MacDonald's assurances on the aberrations of the British public. "Those of your countrymen," he wrote on February 25, "who believe that France dreams, or has dreamt, of the political or economic annihilation of Germany are mistaken." As to French militarism he added: "Are there really Englishmen who suppose that France would be capable of making fratricidal preparations against their country? Our military and aerial establishments are exclusively designed to defend us against attempted German revenge."

All then appeared to be harmony between the two countries, and the real effect of a British Labour Government on France was not seen until its repercussion took place in the form of the Cartel des Gauches—or Coalition of Radicals and Socialists—under Monsieur Herriot, which came into power on May 11 of that year and removed Monsieur Poincaré from office. The recall of the French Ambassador in Great Britain, the Comte de Saint-Aulaire, known to be friendly towards the Conservative Party, the recognition of Russia by France on October 16, and the elaboration of the "Geneva Protocol" were further sequels to this event.

The last point takes us back to the question of Germany which we left at the moment when, just before the fall of the Conservative Government, the Germans appealed to the Reparations Commission for an investigation of the whole matter by experts.

As a result of this, the Reparations Commission appointed two committees of experts: (1) The Dawes Committee, with General Charles G. Dawes as chairman, to investigate the German Budget and currency, and (2) "Committee No. 2," with Sir R. MacKenna as chairman, to investigate the amount of exported German capital and "encourage its return." (!)

The reports of both Committees were published on April 9, 1924, and that of the former put forward what became known as the "Dawes Plan,"

<sup>1</sup> Daily Herald, January 9, 1924.

<sup>1</sup> Morning Post, March 8, 1924.



## SERIAL

which was immediately accepted both by Germany and the Reparations Commission. France, still under Monsieur Poincaré, gave no decision, but on the accession of the "Cartel" in the following months the situation changed. At the London Conference of Allied Powers (July 16-August 16) the Dawes Report was accepted and came into force on September 1. An office for Reparation payments was then established in Berlin. The problem of Reparations was now believed to be finally settled.

At this moment the League of Nations held its Fifth Assembly in Geneva, attended by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Monsieur Herriot. The outcome of this co-operation was the famous "Geneva Protocol" officially described as the "Arbitration and Sanctions Protocol." The object of this scheme was compulsory arbitration by which all international disputes would be submitted to the League and the country which refused to abide by its decisions would have "Sanctions" applied to it by the other nations composing the League. These Sanctions might be confined to economic pressure, but might also take the form of naval or military operations. As a result of this arrangement, any Power that did not go to the rescue of the Power designated by the League would be coerced, if necessary, by the British Navy, which would lead to the latter being at the disposal of the League of Nations for its purposes. This plan, supported by most of the Labour Party and which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declared would "bring an inexhaustible harvest of blessing to Europe," met with strong disapproval in Great Britain and the Dominions. The fall of the Labour Government prevented its realisation.

### RUSSIA

After the gesture to France came the pact of friendship with Russia. This question had been one of the first to occupy the attention of the "Labour" Government and only nine days after his accession to office Mr. Ramsay MacDonald hastened to fulfil his election pledge by abjuring what he termed "the pompous folly of holding aloof from recognition of the Soviet Government."

The death of Lenin had occurred on January 21, and his place was taken by Rykov, but the real rulers of Russia from this moment were the Triumvirate of Zinoviev, Kameneff and Stalin. The first of these was the most important from the point of view of Great Britain.

Zinoviev, alias Apfelbaum, whose real name was Ovse Gershon Aronovitch Radomislsky, the son of a Jewish trader in Novomirgorod, born in 1883, was not only a member of the Triumvirate, but also President of the Third International, at the Congresses of which he distinguished himself by his diatribes against Capitalist States and particularly against the British Empire. As Lord Emmott, in an excellent speech in the House of Lords on March 26, 1924, pointed out:

The Communist International exists, as your Lordships know, to propagate Bolshevism, to bring about Bolshevik revolutions everywhere, to discredit Parliamentary institutions, to suppress the Capitalist and to confiscate capital. Zinoviev, its head, has in recent

months, day after day, week after week, been denouncing in most violent language foreign capitalists and foreign bourgeois and explaining with the utmost cynicism the sinister methods employed by the Communist International to stir up revolution in other countries.

It was with the Government of which Zinoviev was one of the three rulers in chief that the Labour Party now entered into negotiations, and on February 1 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald dispatched a Note to Moscow recognising the U.S.S.R. (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) as the "de jure rulers of those territories of the old Russian Empire which acknowledged their authority." It should be noted that amongst these territories was included the Socialist Republic of Georgia, which had never acknowledged the authority of the Soviet Government, but had been reduced to submission by force of arms accompanied by the utmost brutality.

On April 9 a Russian delegation arrived in London and Rakovsky, the Soviet representative in England, took his place at its head, at the same time assuming the status of chargé d'affaires pending the appointment of an ambassador. The Conference, summoned to discuss terms of recognition, met on April 14, and continued its sittings until August when, after several hitches and even a rupture on August 5, a draft Treaty with Russia was signed on August 8 by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Ponsonby on one hand and Rakovsky, Joffe, Scheinmann, Radchenko and Tomskey on the other. The terms of this "fantastic treaty," as Mr. Mowat points out, were inexplicable. The heading ran: "General Treaty between Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." "The title of the King was omitted as a concession, presumably, to Soviet feelings." Whilst recognising claims of British loan-holders the Government of Great Britain also admitted Soviet counter-claims for British intervention in Russia after the Bolshevik revolution. Further, the members of the Russian Trade Delegation were to be counted as members of the Union Embassy and were to enjoy full diplomatic privileges and immunities.<sup>1</sup>

This was, of course, to open the door to unlimited intrigue on the part of Soviet agents whose correspondence with Moscow was no longer to be subject to supervision. Needless to say, the diplomatic bag of the Soviet representatives swelled to far larger proportions than that of any foreign Embassy in London. The crowning folly of the document was the proposal to raise a loan for Russia in order to enable her to trade with Great Britain. This was too much even for Mr. Lloyd George, who now summoned the Liberals to protest against the Treaty, and continued up to the eve of the General Election in October to ridicule the idea of the Soviet loan.

<sup>1</sup> *A History of European Diplomacy, 1914-25* pp 284-6.

*Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2 and 9.*

# The Ashes of Covent Garden and Some Opera

By Herbert Hughes

IN a recent circular letter to the Press, Miss Lilian Baylis wrote: "There can be no sweeping changes in the organisation of the Vic-Wells Opera Company as yet, since the moneys of the National (*sic*) League of Opera are still detained in Chancery." An ironical phrase. It happens that Miss Baylis was producing opera, democratically indeed, in the Waterloo Road many years before the unfortunate but Imperial League of Opera came into its existence on paper. She persists. It was mainly owing, I believe, to the enthusiasm and good sense of Mr. Lawrence Collingwood that Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snow Maiden* was brought into the repertory last season, with the success we knew. To produce that delightful work for the first time in this country, and in an English translation, was a feather in all their caps. And now, while *The Snow Maiden* remains in the repertory for the coming season, the same composer's *Tsar Saltan*—another masterpiece new to London—is to be added to it. Here is the right sort of persistence. Mr. Warwick Braithwaite is now bracketed with Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Charles Corri as one of the regular conductors, who will have occasional help from Mr. Geoffrey Toye. Mr. Sumner Austin, Mr. Clive Carey and Mr. John B. Gordon remain as producers. So much for the Vic-Wells.

## Old Wine in a New Bottle

Meanwhile, out of the æsthetic and social decrepitude of Covent Garden, has emerged the Metropolitan Opera Company. Old wine in a new bottle, and pretty good wine, too. Genealogically the new company derives more or less from the old Beecham company, the heroic but ill-fated B.N.O.C. and the ill-managed Covent Garden touring company. Whether there is heroism here or mere foolhardiness it is early yet to tell. A gentleman not distantly associated with Covent Garden in recent years is understood to be providing some financial support, and the leader of the troupe is that excellent, experienced American, Mr. Robert Parker, *persona grata* in opera circles here. With singers of the status of Miss Florence Austral, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Norman Allin, Mr. Horace Stevens and Mr. Walter Widdop among those already enrolled, it looks well, as good an English company as we are likely to get for touring purposes. At the moment it is numerically weak in sopranos of the top rank. Touring offers little inducement to the typical *prima donna*, and her salary is always a bit of a nuisance to the treasury; but even here the difficulties are not insurmountable. A little *réclame* got in a provincial town in crazy days like these is not to be despised by the most ambitious lady.

Manchester may not have the spiritual aura of Salzburg, but it has much more of this world's goods; and Covent Garden is shut once more.

## "The Mastersingers" at Streatham

On Monday of this week the new company began operations with a Wagner Festival at the big Streatham Hill Theatre, with Albert Coates directing *Die Meistersinger* in, of course, English. It is possible for wide-awake, sympathetic, intelligently-travelled people to live for many years in London without knowing the least thing about Streatham Hill, a thought that may well horrify the people who have the good fortune to live at Streatham Hill. This is none of your dejected and contemptible suburbs. Where the imposing theatre stands is a boulevard as broad as any in Munich; close by are a couple of cinemas (and there are probably more) that look as if they had been transplanted from Broadway—the last word in luxury and allure. Shops, very *chic* and modern, suggest no end of optimism as they illuminate the crowded thoroughfare. Goodness only knows how many people go up to London and back again every day from Streatham Hill, but a good many more must remain there all the time, living their own lives, having the theatres and cinemas and shops they want, obviously well content and taking their holidays like other Christians and pagans. It was this live town that sent a large audience the other evening to welcome the newly-formed company and give a significant ovation to Coates when he appeared at the conductor's desk. It was an audience to hearten any singer: appreciative, decorously clamorous. Beside me sat a young professor of philosophy; in front of me a family who gossiped intelligently of the opera at Dresden; someone in the gangway spoke of La Scala; many were probably assisting at "The Mastersingers" for the first time in their young lives, knowing the music from gramophone records. There was, no doubt, a certain amount of "paper"—members of the company and some friends—but clearly not much.

And the performance? On the whole, first rate. The outstanding individual achievement was the Sachs of Mr. Arthur Fear, a singer who is rapidly attaining to international rank. Mr. Parry Jones sang well, but was somewhat mechanical in his gestures in the part of Walther. Mr. Browning Mummery, excellent as to diction, ought to develop into one of the finest of Davids; his voice is essentially musical. Rhythmically, the whole thing was a delight; Coates saw to that. The crowd in the second act kept that contrapuntal web of sound miraculously intact—Coates again—and not even at Bayreuth has one listened to better horn-playing in the Prelude to Act III.

# The Open Eye

By Osbert Burdett

**A**N unshared taste remains a puzzle to everyone who does not indulge himself with a hobby that circumstances, or expense, make peculiar to a few. For years, until I hit upon an explanation that may have more in it than the paradox of its surface, I could not understand why so many people are indifferent to history—not to history in its wider sense, though without some understanding of this the present becomes a meaningless confusion, but to the history of the place in which they live and to their own ancestry: to the fascinating question what sort of folk their ascendants were a hundred, three hundred, five hundred years ago. To be interested in a place, however, there seem to be two essentials: that the place, unlike a sprawling modern city, should be an entity, and that the person or family should have remained in it a long time, or at least should inhabit a house old enough to have its own story.

When these two essentials are fulfilled, a local historian, one of the most valuable and least rewarded of the tribe, should appear, and it is this combination that has gone to the making of "A History of Iver" by the late W. H. Ward and Miss K. S. Block (Secker, 10s. 6d.), to whom the future, if not the hasty present, will be grateful. Iver is a little place on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Middlesex, close to Uxbridge, and Mr. Ward, an architect, was the son and the grandson of two vicars of Iver, where he lived himself, and so was bound to the place for well over a century of uninterrupted association.

That he was an architect is important, for a very shallow conception of History is that which confuses the record with a printed (and preferably a recently printed!) book. The impression carried away by a chance visitor from reading even a good guide-book to an old building that has waylaid him on his holiday is meagre compared with that which can be his if he is lucky enough to be taken over it by one to whom every stone is familiar, and to whom its growth is apparent from, say, the different levels of its floor, or the blocking of some window, for the observation of such things tells him why the alterations were made. History in a book is only a printed record. The alterations are the sources, the history itself.

It is because History has become identified with print that it seems unreal to many people, who without encouragement lack the impulse to study the interesting buildings at their doors. In my own boyhood the impulse came in an unexpected way. I found that it was possible to escape the tedium of compulsory games by enrolment in a Natural History society. This gave one free afternoons in the summer, and the only condition was that one should have some specimens to show at the end of the term. Not being much interested in butterflies and beetles, I used to jump on a bicycle and explore the old churches of the district, and in this way, with the aid of Parker's "Introduction to Gothic Architecture," the pocket

guide-book of that generation, I spent delightful afternoons and so acquired the alphabet of the subject. (The specimens presented no difficulty. An elder brother, promising to post nothing in the least rare, used to send me a few for delivery at the end of the term.)

An uninstructed boy could not learn much, but at all events his little learning had been self-acquired, and at first hand. The eye, not the brain, was the organ that he used, and we should learn as workmen learn, through the use of our eyes and our fingers. The difference is as real as that between a thing and its shadow, and the difference in the quality of his writing can be felt in Mr. Ward's book. There is no particular reason why anyone, not an historian nor a resident, should be interested in Iver, but the author, without indulging his fancy, has so handled the stones of its church, the manorial rolls preserved in the archives of Windsor, the more recent parchments in the church chest, the wills, that the living past becomes palpable in his pages.

What a refreshing light upon the wording of wills during the Tudor period is thrown, for example, by the following:—

Some hints as to the attitude of the people of Iver towards religion and towards religious changes of the period may be gleaned from their wills. . . Further, wills were usually drawn up by a lawyer who was often, if not always, in orders, and was familiar with the customary practice and phraseology as well as with the beliefs insisted upon by the Government of the day.

If the phrasing was injudicious, the will or the beneficiary might, I suppose, run the risk of becoming suspected when the will came to be proved, and from the beliefs mentioned, or omitted, some light is thrown upon the changes in religious doctrine during the century. To read the Bible in English was a serious offence, because incorrect translations and "erroneous interpolations" were naturally to be feared when doctrine was in dispute, and there was not, as yet, an Authorised version.

The quality that fascinates us in the workmanship to be seen in an old church is the absence of standardisation in the details. The simplest example, perhaps, is to be found in the lettering upon the stones. Anyone who is keen on handwriting will have felt the temptation to frame a page of a letter in which the penmanship is fluid and alive, because a page of script can be a charming bit of decoration. The life of these inscriptions on the floors and walls of a church, apart from the form of the letters themselves, is the way in which the size of the letters was not measured, as it is now, in advance to fit the space, but was made to fit as the workman went on by the use of abbreviations, letters raised above the line, like grace notes in music, and so on. There was no rigid uniformity, and, though our lettering has improved of late years, it still owes too little to free-hand and is too slavish to print.



## NEW NOVELS

[REVIEWED BY H. WARNER ALLEN]

*The Gowk Storm.* By N. Beysson Morrison. Collins. 7s. 6d.*Old Flames.* By Collinson Owen. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.*Sweet Home.* By Barbara Worsley-Gough. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

**T**HE Gowk Storm, we are told, is the early summer tempest which ruffles the serenity of quiet waters and metaphorically an evil or obstruction of short duration. Miss Morrison's Gowk Storm is almost as deadly as a tornado, for it ends in a death and a suicide to say nothing of a broken heart. It would be ungrateful, however, to quarrel with the title of a novel which is exceptional in its charm. Even those English folk—and there are more of them than confess it—who care little for things Scottish will enjoy the simplicity of the story and the almost Greek ruthlessness with which tragedy overwhelms two of the daughters of the manse.

Miss Morrison's women are drawn with extreme delicacy and their portraits are convincing. Julia, Emmy and Lisbet, daughters of the Minister of remote Barnfingal, remain in the memory as living people and the subsidiary characters such as Nannie and the Minister's wife are even more successful. The men on the other hand are shadowy and even the Dominie, the mysterious seventh son of a seventh son, who breaks Julia's heart is little more than a ghost, though he calls forth from an old woman a fine phrase concerning second sight. "There are some wha have their doors and windows opened wider than ithers, and then some things are bound to come ben to them, and there are ithers wha's clocks always gang a wee bit fast. But whate'er happens to ye, it's God's will and happens for the best."

Mr. Owen in "Old Flames" takes his readers to very different scenes—Fleet Street and Bohemian Paris. His hero's adventures in the Street of Ink are realistic, not to say founded on fact, and flying from a newspaper point of view provides the central feature of the plot. It may be doubted whether the ordinary public is deeply interested in the ways and manners of journalism. No one has ever yet written a public school story which satisfied old public school boys. Mr. Owen has given a description of newspaper work which will appeal to many journalists, but they form a far smaller circle of readers than that to which the public school novelist appeals.

His pictures of Paris provide the most attractive part of the book. They are vivid and full of life and action and Toby the Bohemian is a fine piece of characterisation. One regrets that he did not play a more important part in the novel; for the hero is rather commonplace and does not command much sympathy.

Miss Worsley-Gough's "Sweet Home" is an amusing light comedy which derives most of its attraction from a real love for an English country home. "It had been rebuilt in the seventeenth century and part of the original Tudor manor house remained on the west side, where two high

stone gables seemed perpetually to convey a dignified and typically English rebuke to the South front with its slightly mannered Palladian portico and balustrade."

All who have known and loved such a house will find "Sweet Home" delightful, though they may find it hard to take any particular interest in the characters centred round it. To tell the truth, the actors in this amiable comedy are not enthralling. They talk merrily enough and are occasionally witty, but one does not care much what happens to them.

## Shorter Notices

*From Serajevo to the Rhine.* By Arminius. Translated by G. Griffin. Hutchinson. 18s.

These character sketches of Generals of the Great War have as much historical value as a Hollywood version of William the Conqueror or Kubla Khan. Nonsense reaches its height in the chapter devoted to General Pershing, "the man of Iron." Those who were with the American Expeditionary Force may enjoy reading it as a joke, but that is scarcely an excuse for the publication of such rubbish.

*Wild Cargo.* By Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Jarrolds. 16s.

A volume of animal stories which is neither more nor less exciting than its fellows. The fair killing of an animal in sport demands small excuse, but is it really sport to capture wild beasts in order that they may drag out their lives in the captivity of Zoological gardens? Be that as it may, Mr. Buck catches wild animals as a profession and has met with many adventures.

*In the Toils of the O.G.P.U.* By Dr. Karl Kindermann. Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d.

Translated from the German by Gerald Griffin—a parallel to the "trial" of our English engineers. But in this case one Ditmar, who was terrorised and tortured into a false confession, paid his penalty while the other two German students got their freedom after two years of unimaginable filth, horror, degradation, and terrorism in Soviet prisons. This bare, heart-rending account makes the blood run cold—but not colder than previous exposures of Soviet methods have made it. A damning indictment if any were still needed. A case for the outlawry of a system and its makers, proved up to the hilt. But no Christian State will make a move.

*"Freeman of Stamboul."* By Professor Bernard Freeman. Gollancz. 18s.

Here is a book which may, presumably, be dismissed as a piece of book-making. For all that, it is alive from the first page to the last and will not allow any reasonable reader to put it down until it has been literally devoured. Professor Freeman from his earliest days as a child in Constantinople—days which would have ruined for ever any ordinary person—has sought and found adventure, peril, politics, literature, love, and therefore the whole of life in all the corners of the earth.

### Australia and New Zealand

✓ *The Cambridge History of the British Empire, Vol. VII. Part I.: Australia: 30s. Part II.: New Zealand: 15s.*

**A**USTRALIA and New Zealand, the subjects of the newest volumes of the Cambridge History of the British Empire, have for two generations now held this special interest, that they have been laboratories for experiments in social legislation. In each country it has been an axiom that life for the ordinary man ought to be better than in England, and there has been a readiness to experiment, in State assistance for agriculture and industry, State arbitration, State ownership. Australia, whose large cities have produced strongly socialistic Labour parties, affords, in its six states, a number of variants of the age-old conflict between town and country.

The strength of the Australian volume of the Cambridge History lies in the fullness with which the international political and economic history is treated. There is no undue shortening of the more familiar early history, of Cook, Philip, and Macquarie. The Australia before 1850 has given rise to a good deal of readable literature, and in its main outlines is widely known. It is for the second half of the century that English readers need new guides, and Professor Shank, whose economic history of Australia is already established, here does the same work again on a different scale and with more attention to the political expressions of economic interests.

Professor Hancock is only represented by one short chapter on the years 1900-14, although his range is much wider than that. Professor Copland, after whetting our appetites by a short chapter on the economic effects of the World War on Australia at the time, stops short. The Cambridge history, remembering its solemn standing, makes no attempt to write of the great post-war crisis, and pages which we know Professor Copland could have made extremely illuminating must appear, if at all, in later volumes. Sometimes the history reaches as far as 1925, but with a quick drawing away of the hand.

There is, for instance, no account of the fate of the soldier and other settlement schemes, although their beginnings are described and their sad later history is already a matter of official record.

A much briefer volume carries the history of New Zealand. The Maoris and the Maori Wars have never somehow caught the imagination of the reading public to the same extent as the convict system in early Australia, and it is good to have these new succinct accounts. The most considerable contributions, however, are, as in the Australian volume, the chapters on economic history in the days immediately preceding our own.

The author, Professor Condliffe, late of New Zealand and now of the International Labour Office at Geneva, shows very clearly how little inevitability there has been about New Zealand's progress, and how much power for good or ill governments enjoy, and how easily they will overstretch public credit. Those who are to-day puzzled as to the way New Zealand dairy pro-

ducts can be sold across the water at highly competitive prices will find here the full story of the success of co-operative effort, and of the way such co-operation has made feasible the use of up-to-date as well as large scale machinery.

The Banking crisis of the eighties, with its many parallels to what is going on to-day, makes illuminating reading. New Zealand has always been tied to the City of London, enjoying the privilege of being rated as a trustee stock. Speculation and borrowing, based on rising price levels rather than on increased productivity, have been constant tendencies, and much more serious threats to pastoral prosperity than to the urban element, which has always been subordinate. Though much of the social legislation, particularly on the Australian Continent, has gone awry, in New Zealand government action in favour of small farmers, from the nineties onward, has really succeeded in broadening the basis on which the economic life of the country depends.

A great middle class settled on its own land is the mainstay of the country, strong in every way, except in its excessive dependence upon export to a distant market.

### More Napoleon

*Napoleon's Love Story.* By R. McNair Wilson. Davies. 10s. 6d.

**T**HIS is a charming addition to the author's previous studies in the Napoleonic world. The romance of Napoleon and the beautiful Polish girl, whom we see so clearly, with her mass of golden hair and candid blue eyes, is told with a sympathy, delicacy and restraint, which are truly welcome in these days of unnecessary crossing of "t's"; and interwoven with it is a vivid account of the intrigues that gathered about Napoleon from Tilsit onwards, the whole being enriched by well-chosen extracts from his and other people's letters.

Mr. Wilson says that Marie was perhaps the only woman who ever really loved Napoleon, and certainly the only one he ever trusted. It was precisely because she loved him that she at first stood off so obstinately when the Polish nobles wished to use her to attach Napoleon to their cause (as he subsequently used her to attach them to his); and to him, embittered against all women by Josephine's infidelities, she was a revelation. It is a question whether, seeing Napoleon through Marie's eyes, Mr. Wilson has not idealised him too much.

He depicts Napoleon as inspired, not by selfish ambition, but by a sacred devotion to the new Liberalism, striving against the chains of international finance in which the bankers of London sought to bind Europe. Mr. Wilson has no language strong enough for the "usurers" and "money-lenders" who dictated England's policy; and he uses the story of Napoleon's struggle with these monsters to point the moral to-day when finance rules the world. It is an unusual view of Napoleon, though, with a man so great and complex, as likely to be true as any other. Most of us are wholly, if illogically, on Napoleon's side in reading his story. O.M.G.

### Ballads, Songs and Snatches

"*A Wandering Minstrel.*" Reminiscences by Sir Henry Lytton. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

**S**IR HENRY LYTTON has already given us "*Secrets of a Savoyard*" and here is his autobiography. According to the dust cover, it is "told with charm and modesty and the whimsicality of Jack Point." According to the same authority it is "a surprisingly human story, touching on life in all its aspects." What is more "Sir Henry is a born raconteur" and "one thing is absent—cynicism."

It is much more wonderful and agreeable to find that all this is true. It may be that the actual art of Sir Henry Lytton has been a little embellished by the fashion of a day which has taken him and his performances in Gilbert and Sullivan so hopelessly to its heart; it may be true that, although Lytton is an exceedingly good actor and singer, he is not really the equal of George Grossmith or even of other actors who have filled the same parts. That, however, is a matter of critical opinion and there is no doubt whatever either of his enormous popularity or of his rightful claim to a very large part of it.

As the writer of his own life he has an unforgettable charm. He tells us of the dreadful shifts and struggles which he and his young wife had to endure and he makes us rather want to cry while he is nowhere near tears himself. Indeed it is quite obvious that any Lytton tears were never of self-pity, but always of pity for others. And nothing ever daunted the sense of humour which he can convey so well in a hundred anecdotes.

He tells here, with a great courage of reminiscence, about the terrible motor accident in which Miss Bertha Lewis lost her life, and every experienced motorist who sympathised with Sir Henry at the time will sympathise even more on reading this account of the accident. He gives excellent advice to amateur actors and he pays the most charming tribute to his own dear lady, who herself contributes a kind of epilogue.

This extremely readable and interesting book is increased in stature by a foreword by Stanley Baldwin which, turning quite aside from any politics, has nothing in it but charm and perception.

### Dogs and Guns

"*My Gun and I.*" By Lewis Carey. Phillip Allen. 12s. 6d.

Colonel Carey is obviously a good shot as well as an experienced shot. It is more important that he should be, as he quite obviously is, an extremely keen sportsman who looks for and finds sport wherever he goes. This book of reminiscences ranges, like a good setter, over a large area of ground and leaves little of it unexplored. It is always a sympathetic and entertaining record of days with a gun, and even with a catapult, from the first woodcock of a boy and the gun which

came as a present in reward for it, to chapters headed "strange happenings," which illustrate a simple, honest, and impressive belief in the forces and the protections which are beyond the reach of our finite minds.

Everybody who shoots, everybody who has been a real boy, and everybody who believes very much in God's free air, will enjoy this book and be sorry that he has missed the pleasure of shooting with its author.

"*The Dog.*" By James Dickie. Hutchinson. 6s.

The vast majority of people love or imagine that they love dogs, and surprisingly few of them have the slightest idea of how to love a dog, how to look after a dog, or how to train a dog. Here is a book which will, so to speak, lighten their darkness even if they choose to believe that it is only confirming their omniscience.

Mr. James Dickie is always frank, always practical, and always interesting. If you want to be sure what sort of a dog you want, and if, having got him, you want to know all that a book can tell you about him, then "*The Dog*" is the very book for you. It tells you all about the dog in sickness and in health, not being afraid to admit how little is known about canine hysteria, and it tells you just about as much as it is good for you to know about breeding—which should really be left to those who understand it. A volume to be recommended even among the multitude of admirable dog books.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### The Peacock

SIR,—In connection with your contributor's, Mr. J. Wentworth Day's, article in your issue of September 2, it may be of interest to your readers to know that I heard Oscar Wilde tell the story of this ill-omened peacock. He described at length to my mother the various misfortunes it had also brought to him before in desperation he had had it sent for storage in the pantechicon. Putting his hand over his mouth and lowering his voice he then added: "The warehouse where it had been placed was burned down the next day."

COLERIDGE KENNARD.

9, Avenue de Suffren, Paris.

### Blood Sports and Spoil Sports

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article under the above heading which appeared in your issue of the 2nd instant, in which you complain of the attitude of the press towards Field Sports.

Having acted as organising secretary of the British Field Sports Society since its foundation in 1930, it has been my duty to watch and study attacks and reports on field sports which are published from time to time in the press of the country, and as a result I have come to the conclusion that the reason why "so many old women write and complain" about them is that the only interest which the more popular daily papers take in sport is when they can report some uncommon or sensational happening.

Year after year, day after day, stag hunting is carried on in this country without any untoward incident. Then (I believe the average is once in two years) the stag falls over a cliff or takes to the sea. Immediately the popular papers blazon out in headlines, giving a lurid and in most cases inaccurate account of the incident. There follows a spate of correspondence on the brutality of sport from writers who can only judge of it in this way. The matter dies down, and sport is forgotten so far as that particular paper is concerned, until some public protest is made by cranks at a meet of foxhounds which serves their purpose by giving the press another opportunity for the use of explosive headlines. The trouble is that millions of town-dwellers in this country can obtain no experience of sport at first hand, and they can take no particular interest in those day-to-day doings which, carried on as they are in every instance according to old and cherished traditions, with an utter lack of cruelty or cruel intent, cannot from their nature provide the necessary material for modern journalism.

The British Field Sports Society is doing all in its power to rectify this evil, but I can assure your readers that it is a hard task. Editors for the most part pander to their readers' tastes and, though the countryside still loves sport for sport's sake and all the health and clean thinking that it brings, the millions who have no opportunity of seeing it or enjoying it can only judge it by what they read.

JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM,

Sec., British Field Sports Society.

### Why?

SIR,—The letter in the *Times* last week from Miss Cornelia Sorabji showing how 200 India Communists fresh from an agitators' training course in Moscow are preaching their seditious doctrines all over India with a view to a "smash down" in a year or two's time proves once and for all what a fool Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made of himself and what an insult he heaped on the Empire when he honoured the Soviet Commissar Litvinoff with a lunch-party at 10, Downing Street.

Presumably it is too much to hope that the Prime Minister will mend his ways and authorise Mr. Runciman to call off the trade negotiations now in progress with the avowed enemies of the Empire. But is

it too much to expect that some of the more patriotic of the Conservative members of the National Government will assert themselves and force Mr. MacDonald to sever this humiliating connection with Moscow?

We have stood no nonsense with Mr. De Valera. Why this persistent leniency to Moscow?

Constitutional Club.

RONALD RUSSELL.

### Fire Inquests

SIR,—In view of the terrible revelations which came out at the recent fire-frauds case, the old custom of fire inquests ought to be revived.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

### "Sun Bathing"

SIR,—Mr. Barford's letter induces me to repeat a so far unanswered query: What is the object of Sun Bathing? Is it health? If so, why is it necessary, presumably, for the sexes to "bathe" together? Is it to enjoy the sight of the human form divine? Then why do ugly men undress also?

F. C. TILNEY.

1, Lumley Road, Cheam, Surrey.

### The Horrors of Noise

SIR,—Noise seems to be the music of this generation. Fearsome cars and motor-cycles tear through the streets with repeated reports which emulate the machine gun, and no one complains, though, I understand, there is some regulation imposing "silencers." Our next-door neighbours make life hideous with combinations of gramophone and wireless. Mechanical music shatters the peace of the river. The seeker after peace has been driven to the parks, and out of them he will assuredly be driven by the portable gramophone unless it is prohibited in public places. There is a fine for litter: surely there should be a fine for the production of noises which are as offensive to the ear as waste paper to the eye.

Hampstead.

W. L. ROOKE.

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## THEATRE

St. Martin's. "The Key." By R. Gore-Brown and J. L. Hardy.

**T**ECHNICALLY, this could not be called a satisfactory play and many better dramas must have gone into the waste-paper baskets of managers, without a hearing or a chance. For it changes theme and character quite often and, beginning with infidelity, goes on to melodrama, coming back to the philosophic contemplation of adultery ("advantage seldom comes of it") in the end as if compelled. Yet it is somehow a good play because it grips attention, maintains liveliness, and interests an audience. Therefore what matter the rules that are broken, the conventions that are defied? Therefore it should have a tolerably long and prosperous life.

Andrew Kerr, with young pretty wife (Celia Johnson, who wears expensive frocks despite great poverty and acts so well as to make the wife moving and even plausible) is a Black and Tan officer in the Ireland of 1920. The dirty business of guerrilla warfare according to Irish rules is getting on his nerves and has broken her's. He resists her frantic plea that he shall shirk duty on a raid; she concludes that he loves himself and his soldiering better than her; the General's A.D.C. (an old but trivial fancy) is left to look after her; he comforts her by sleeping with her; Kerr comes back too soon, accepts the other man's explanations and is told the blunt truth by his wife; Kerr goes out, unarmed, and slams the door.

Then infidelity takes a back seat. For Kerr, wandering in a morbid despair, is kidnapped by Sinn Féin and seen in a cellar dungeon where he is to be shot down unless Dublin Castle and Downing Street release the notorious Conlon, properly condemned to death.

How Conlon is released and Kerr returned safely to Dublin Castle, what the A.D.C. says and does, how the wife behaves at dinner with the General (Mr. Graham Browne and an excellent performance), what Andrew Kerr has to say to the A.D.C. and to his wife, and why—all this is the essence of the melodrama which holds the stage after Act 1 is finished. Meanwhile Act 2 has been made memorable by a scene, very well written and extremely well played by Mr. Arthur Sinclair, in which a mean shrewd little Irish lawyer comes to the General to barter Conlon's life for Kerr's. Mr. Godfrey Tearle had a job miles within his great capacity as Andrew Kerr; of course he made it forceful, heroic, and persuasive. In so doing he kept the play always alive.

Drury Lane. "Ball at the Savoy." Music by Paul Abraham. Book by Alfred Grunwald and Fritz Lohner-Beda.

**I**T might be imagined by those who underrate the virility of convention that the good old-fashioned musical comedy would not thrive amid the disillusioned realities of to-day. But no, nothing will ever take the place of that peculiar blend of life, love and laughter which exists in order that a beauty chorus, more and more

dependent on the actual charms which God gave them, may assault our senses; in order that a tenor and a soprano may scream in our ears or croon into each other's; in order that one or more comic or partially comic gentlemen may sweat before our very eyes in order to divert us. Mix all this up with scenes of gorgeous splendour and real beauty in some land other than England; pepper it with catchy tunes and ingenious dances; and you have, just as George Edwardes had and others before him, the elements of success.

Such is "Ball at the Savoy." But you are not to suppose for a moment that I deride it, or that I am being superior about it. On the contrary, I enjoyed it all very much. It has quite a reasonable story of how a charming bride (inevitably married to a fascinating French Marquis) believes herself deceived, and plans a frightful revenge by not only deceiving her husband but making him fall desperately in love with her, disguised by a mask and a certain absence of clothing, which could hardly have deceived a husband at all. Of course, all ends quite happily and everyone, including the shadowy figure of honour, is satisfied. Meanwhile we have heard Natalie Hall sing quite charmingly and seen her look ravishing, while Maurice Evans, as the Marquis, has done everything that a French Marquis is expected to do. We have been genuinely entertained by Oskar Denes and Rosie Barsony, while Barry Mackay has surprised us by a perfect little gem of real acting in a real part, that of a very young and very human lawyer, which the authors—thank goodness!—suddenly wrote into the middle of this alluring hotch-potch of quite trivial things.

G.C.P.

Fortune Theatre. "What Happened Then." By Lillian T. Bradley.

This play is described as a melodrama on the programme, and it would have been more effective if the canons of old-fashioned melodrama had been followed. If the feelings of the audience are to be harrowed, they should be provided with some compensation in the form of comic relief. It is impossible to keep them in a state of extreme tension through three acts, and the attempt to do so inevitably results in intervals in which the action on the stage lags behind the spectators' watches. In "What Happened Then" there were scarcely half a dozen quickly stifled laughs.

Excellent production could not conceal certain *longueurs* in the performance, though there were minutes when things moved fast and furiously. The identity of the murderer was ingeniously concealed, and once or twice Miss Marjorie Mars, as the fiancée of the innocent man condemned to death, raised the emotion almost to the pitch of tragedy. In the trial scene Mr. Ramage, as counsel for the defence, made the most of his opportunities and his presence.

Mr. Richard Bird played the part of the mad murderer with real skill and avoided all exaggeration. It would have been easy to spoil the effect of his unmasking, especially as the play was not without echoes of Edgar Wallace. Mr. Martin Lewis, as the madman's brother, deserves a special word of praise.

H.W.A.



## CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

WITH the autumn the Stock Exchange is looking forward to increased activity though conditions this year, even at the height of the holiday season, never assumed the drab appearance usually associated with August in the City. The further improvement of home conditions seems probable, but, though one hears less at the moment of the international aspect of affairs than for some time past, the debt question is once again on the horizon and Stock Markets must be of necessity affected by the progress or otherwise of the negotiations with the United States for a basis on which finally to lay the War Debts bogey. Whether any adverse news from America concerning debts is likely more to affect the gilt-edged market or speculative securities is difficult to determine, but, whereas the speculative markets recover more easily in such circumstances, there is such a preponderance of opinion that gilt-edged stocks are over-valued intrinsically that any easing of the market caused by War debts or other international troubles may prove to be but the beginning of the prolonged period of dullness which is expected to characterise British Funds as the tide of trade revival grows stronger. Against these factors we have to remember that there are further large conversion schemes pending at home and on behalf of the Dominions, and the gilt-edged market is likely to be supported until such time as these operations have been completed.

Australia is proceeding piecemeal with the conversion of those stocks where the option to repay is exercisable and has this week made an offer to the holders of the outstanding 6 and 5½ per cent. issues, in the form of a 3¾ per cent. stock 1948-53 at 98, at which price cash subscriptions are also invited. The yield is approximately £3 18s. per cent.

That the trade factor is not leading to any enlargement of the demands for loanable capital is evident in the monthly bank statements, which show a further contraction in loans in August and additional purchases of gilt-edged stocks, and so long as this powerful factor of support is present, it is unlikely that any material set back in the gilt-edged list will occur.

### Brewery Investments

For many years Brewery securities have been favoured by the British investor, and rightly so, for the industry is in most capable hands and is in an advanced state of "rationalisation" which, however undesirable from the consumer's viewpoint, is an important factor in rendering attractive to the investor the stocks and shares of the leading Brewery companies. The consumption of beer in

this country has steadily declined from 35,250,000 barrels in 1913 to under 13,000,000 in 1932, the decline in the past few years being hastened by the huge increase in the beer duty accompanied by decreased spending power of the public. Taking a long view, therefore, it would seem that the outlook for the brewery industry is unpromising, for successive Governments have done their best to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, some of their measures having been intentionally designed to discourage the consumption of beer while others have apparently attempted the impossible in the matter of revenue extortion. But such a highly rationalised industry as the brewery trade is in a position to fight opposition and, indeed, it is doing so with a certain amount of success, as may be judged from the signs of tolerance recently exhibited by certain of the temperance interests. The brewery companies have built up in the past strong reserves which they are now devoting to improvement of their licensed houses and to the provision of attractions to counteract the apparently declining appeal to the young of the former national beverage. In many cases the Government takes over 80 per cent. of the net revenue of the companies for duties and taxation, and in the past the industry has provided something like one-eighth of the national income, so that the Government can hardly fail to give some encouragement to the efforts of the firms to bring about a revival.

### Debenture Yields

While, therefore, Brewery ordinary shares must be regarded as speculative, being dependent directly upon the companies' earning and subject to the influences referred to above, the debenture and preference issues are sound securities and keenly sought after by the investor who is content with a yield of about 4 per cent. on a first-class security.

A small amount of H. & G. Simonds 4 per cent. stock is available at 99 to return £4 0s. 9d. per cent. on the outlay. This Reading brewery's profits cover the amount of the interest on the stock many times over. About £1,000 of Kemp Town Brewery 4½ per cent. stock can be obtained at 104 to give about the same effective yield allowing for redemption at 101½ in 1962, interest requirements being covered more than six times in the last accounts. Some £1,500 of Royal Brewery Brentford 4½ per cent. scrip can be brought free of stamp at 106 to give 4½ per cent. on the money, the company being a subsidiary of Barclay Perkins through its control by Style and Winch Ltd. Of stocks below par, as is also the Simonds stock referred to above, the new Charrington 4 per cent. debenture is freely available at 99 to return £4 0s. 9d. per cent., the stock being redeemable in 1980 and covered as to the interest some 4½ times.

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# FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*Tugboat Annie.* Directed by Mervyn Leroy. Empire.

*This Year of Grace.* Directed by Maurice Elvey. Plaza.

THE autumn season opened with a bang last week, and every management seemed to have made up its mind to show an attractive picture. All of them have not succeeded, but those people who have their favourite personalities should be able to find something to their taste with Janet Gaynor at the New Gallery, Lilian Harvey at the Capitol, Conrad Veidt at the Tivoli, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery at the Empire, George Arliss at the Regal and Gracie Fields at the Plaza. While in "Dinner at Eight" there are so many stars that, if none of the above meets the fancy, a chance can be taken at the Palace where they are two a penny—indeed, of the great ones only Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich remain to be hymned anew.

The great success which Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler made in the picture entitled "Min and Bill" ensured their subsequent appearance in another film of low life, and "Tugboat Annie," at the Empire, is their new vehicle.

Marie Dressler's art is a very real one, and she is, with Janet Gaynor, the greatest box-office attraction in the world. She was a fine actress in the theatre before ever she appeared in front of the camera, and, though the art of acting for the pictures and for the stage are considerably divorced, the technique acquired in the latter is of considerable use in the former now that the spoken word has taken such a prominent place. The manner of Marie Dressler's attack, whether by gesture or by intonation, is beyond praise, and she uncovers every subtlety with a sureness of touch that is the hallmark of a great actress.

The film company has been quick to realise that her appeal for the general public lies in her quartz-like exterior, through the rough surface of which can be descried the gold, and with the regularity of spring she is cast for such parts. The exact popularity of her pictures depends solely upon the attractiveness of the invention—she herself is the common denominator. In "Tugboat Annie" she has an excellent foil in Wallace Beery who, shedding some of his forcefulness, is managed, except with regard to drink, by what he calls his "old seacow," until at last he really achieves something on his own. The seascapes are beautifully contrived, and there is plenty of action to keep the film moving.

Gracie Fields is a law unto herself, and so are the pictures in which she appears. There is no reason why "This Year of Grace," which is at the Plaza, should ever end and, I am afraid, so far as I am concerned, no reason why it should ever have begun. Once more low life is trans-

ferred to an upper plane, where the same old jokes and innuendoes are delivered with the same gusto. Odd vignettes from the music halls, such as Gracie Fields singing songs, Vivien Foster with his "Yes, I think so," and Douglas Wakefield and Frank Pettingell pulling a motor car to bits are dragged in one by one while the picture loses all sense of rhythm. Perhaps an audience may lose all sense of time; unfortunately, I didn't, and the film seemed interminable.

## The Saturday Acrostics

### New Series

We offer a prize of a book for the first correct solution opened.

#### RULES

RULES.—(1) The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent in and must be selected from the books reviewed in the current issue. (2) The price of the book must not exceed half-a-guinea. (3) Envelopes must be marked "ACROSTIC" and addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR, *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2. (4) Solutions must reach us by the first post on the Thursday following the date of publication.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 52

1. What mortal troubles his poor head about it?
2. Much patronised by Scots who're ill, or doubt it.
3. He mews, he pukes—he's not yet ripe for schooling.
4. Spouse of the monarch in Bulgaria ruling.
5. His speciality was vases, black and red.
6. Keep it I can't. For why? I keep my bed.
7. Through these with special care we steer our ship.
8. A mighty prince doubly at each end clip.
9. Falsely of his great learning does he boast.
10. O chaste Lucina, sure this plant thou knowst!
11. Shakespearian for the circle of a crown.
12. By means of this we hand our earth-plots down.

#### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 51

T	e	e	t	o	t	u	M
H	i	s	t	r	i	O	
E	n	d	y	m	i	O	n
S	t	a	t	e	s	m	a
t	U					N	B
N	e	u	t	r	a	l	i
B	r	e	t	h	r	e	Y
Y							I
D	r	i	p	p	i	n	G
e	A					r	H
Y						o	T
						r	k
						i	s

No correct solutions were received for Acrostic No. 50.

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## Broadcasting Notes

Next week sees a slight upward trend in the matter of light entertainment. André Charlot returns to the microphone, Paul Robeson makes one of his infrequent appearances, and Gordon McConnel revives his "New Songs for Old." Charlot is taking no chances—he has a most impressive cast—but I do hope he will not overdo the "Uncle André" gambit; it becomes intensely irritating after a time.

So far, so good; but the arrangement of the programmes leaves a great deal to be desired. I have always been a strong opponent of the "diagonalised" programme, and next week's use of this device reaches the climax of absurdity. For the sake of the uninitiated, a "diagonalised" programme is one which is performed twice during the same week on alternate wavelengths. Thus, Charlot's Hour will be given on Monday on the National wavelength and on Wednesday on the Regional wavelength. That is to say that the listener to Monday's performance has no choice of programme on Wednesday, and *vice versa*. This has always seemed to me to put a premium on

careless listening, since the intelligent citizen, however ingeniously he may plan his listening in advance, has at least one evening on which he must take or leave the alternative programme, unless he wishes to hear the same programme twice.

This may not be a very great hardship if the alternatives to "diagonalised" items are carefully and intelligently selected, but next week is a glaring example of unimaginative bungling. Two complete programmes are to be "diagonalised." Charlot's Hour and Three One Act Plays produced by Howard Rose, and in each and every case the alternative is a Promenade Concert. Now I venture to say that there are at least as many people who dislike orchestral music as there are those who scoff at light entertainment, and why they, however careful they may be in their choice of programmes, should be placed in this dilemma passes my comprehension. It would, I should have thought, occurred to even the meanest intelligence that during the season when there is a Promenade Concert every evening "diagonalised" programmes should be reduced to a minimum. But there is no accounting for the whimsies of the programme pundits. We must, as usual, take it or leave it.

ALAN HOWLAND.

## Public Schools

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**A**N Examination will be held on October 26th, 28th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £20, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

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**N**OTICE is hereby given that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination, October 30th and October 31st, 1933.

Intermediate Examination, November 1st and 2nd, 1933.

Final Examination, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd, 1933.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before September 26th, 1933.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL,

A. A. GARRETT, SECRETARY.

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